

KD Viations



FALL/WINTER 2015-2016

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Front cover art by Dakota Hill

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Fold out poster by Anastasia Scheichl

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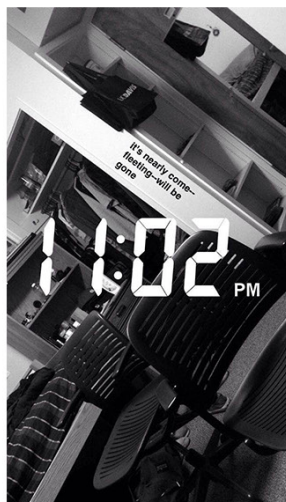
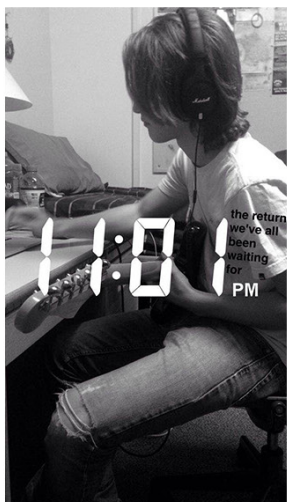
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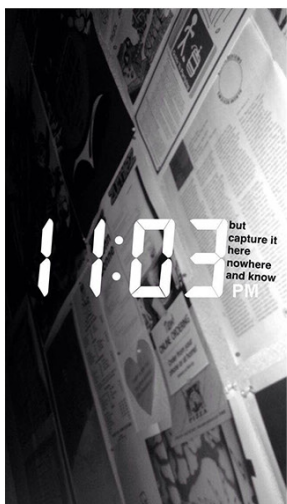
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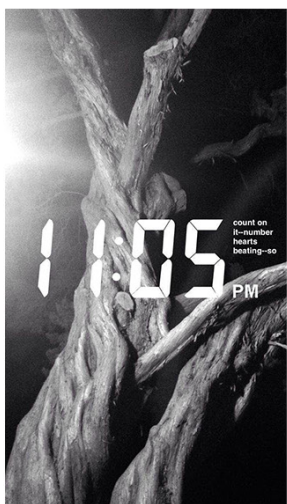
fenris@fenrisaudio.com



the return we've all been waiting for
it's nearly come—fleeting—will be gone

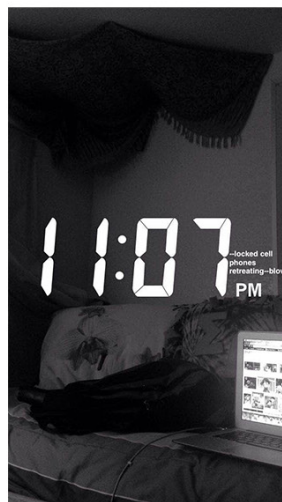


but capture it here nowhere and know
that we all can save some time for one



count on it—number hearts beating—so
constant under the moon and the sun

—locked cell phones retreating—blow
out your candles and palm wrinkles run



thank that these digits don't overflow
wish for one perfect moment: you're on



“Ten Finger Snap”
by Dynn Javier



LABOR DAY TAYLOR - SEPTEMBER 7 2015 - DAVID D. YOUNG
THEY SAY HE'S A SALTY SAILOR REACHING FOR THE VOID PAL-
ACE. PALATIAL LIGHT OVERLOAD OVERTAKES THE INHABITANT.
DECORATIVE CLOTHING ENSCRIBED W/ "ENNUI TRUST" HELPS
ME GET READY FOR THE PARADE. WALTER BEESWAXSEN COMES
BY THE PROMENADE & TELLS A FEW IT'S TIME TO GROW SOME
FOOD. AN OVERPLAYED EARTH CAN'T TAKE IT MUCH LONGER.
BEESWAX IN COURT IS A SMIDGEN OF TIMELIFE. SALTY SAIL-
OR TAYLOR SEZ IT'S TIME TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAY
HERE, AT THE CROSSROADS. IT CAN GET PRETTY BORING WHEN
THE TRAFFIC IS HEAVY. VARIOUS INTERLINKED FOLK HOLD
HANDS AT THE SUNRISE CEREMONY.... THERE MUST OF BEEN 8
OF THEM. & NOW, IN THE AFTERNOON TAYLOR'S RAISING
HELL W/ HIS MICROPHONE... HE JUST WON'T LEAVE YE ALONE.

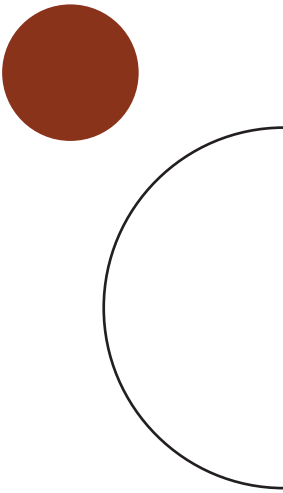





SAGELY CENTAURS - SEPTEMBER 3 2015 - DAVID D. YOUNG
KNIFE-STICKER FOOD-MAKER COMES THROUGH W/ IT IN A SPECIAL-
TIES KIT. MAGICALLY BRANDED BRAINERS STRAIN AS THE APEX
COMES BOUND FOR THEM. RUNNING RAGGED & RAGING FOR ETER-
NITY IS A PRIME MOMENT MOVE. ENDFALL DUCKHUNTERS PLAY
THE LANGUAGE POETRY & DO A BETTER JOB WHEN THEY'RE MORE
LIT UP. FALSE HEARTS CRUMBLE. THEN I START TO MUMBLE &
GRUMBLE SOFTLY YET STEADILY. BORN DREAMDRIVERS SCREAM AT
LIGHTNING-BOLT-WIELDERS STANDING IN FRONT OF THEM IN FORMA-
TION. MILITARY PARADE SET-UP MAKES YUH SUFFER. THE MUSIC
THE BRASS BAND PLAYED OVER THERE WUZ PRETTY GOOD THOUGH.
ELECTRONIC STORMWRITING SEEMS EFFORTLESS IF YE CAN HAN-
DLE THE ILLUMINATE. SAGELY CENTAURS JUMP OVER THE DREAM.

A One Way Pad (Cryptographic or Kleptographic?)

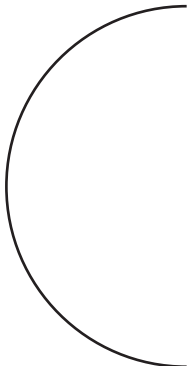
By Ethan Krajinovich



As technology increases its capacity for self learning, automation, and efficiency every day our personal lives and information are under ever tightening scrutiny. Moore's Law states that the rate of processing power in a computer chip doubles every two years. While planned obsolescence as well as various security and utility updates may account for the negligible change in user experience, a shocking look at the motherboard activity of a simple web browser will astound you. One internet page, most likely associated with a large media or tech corporation, can be caught consuming up to 50 percent of the drive's capacity, to display a few paragraphs of text and images. This can hardly be attributed to the incompetence of hardware, software, and web developers. In fact, it might just signify the opposite.



User agreements have reached a new level of ambiguity and maneuverability. With your permission, even websites can access whatever you allow them to. A joint agreement between a company whose policy holds that they may sell your information to third parties, and a basic website that collects your email address, can allow the latter to retrieve all that you have inputted to the former. Now this sounds alarming, and is so, yet a simple reading of the EULA will nevertheless imply just that. Regardless of the anvil they wield over netizens, their reputation is as easily stained as a tabloid spreads virally across the web. Their backroom deals must hide behind the user agreements, which in many cases, are subject to change at any time.



With the breaking news of Ashley Madison accounts being released into the netmosphere, hacker groups have been shown to be working at every length to expose flaws and traits of not only the end user, but of the supposed security that these services offer. Black hat troupes have taken the credit for the most pervasive heists of personal and corporate data. These organizations include LOLSec, GhostSec, unnamed hacker coalitions. Others have taken it upon themselves to eventuate the release of confidential government data, a risky and dangerous action with definite repercussions. The fact that most of the information that has been divulged is too large in scope for the layperson to comprehend is somewhat symptomatic of the entire system.

Code is always convoluted. Even if you have a standard syntax, the methods of achieving your end goal can vary infinitely. This results in many recognizable outcomes with a near indecipherable backtrail. Compiling systems can easily erase their own presence in the architecture time and time again, modifying each step along the way. The compound effect of coder particularity, software to machine language jargon, and nebulous approaches to company policy define a sea of confusion for the end user. It also presents a treasure trove of vulnerabilities for the programmer gone rogue, whose main focus is not to understand but to infiltrate.

Government has taken action, whether prompted through lobbyists or self designated through military and national security interests. The recent CISPA bill allows corporations to dodge the legal repercussions of releasing personal information about their users. This may allow for a bolstering against anarchistic actions through internet communication, but also invokes a nationwide precedent that would affect each citizen as well. The Patriot act has recently expired, so consider this another page in the book of the USA.



haha
KDVS is raising
awareness.....
cute

Have you tried neon cheese?

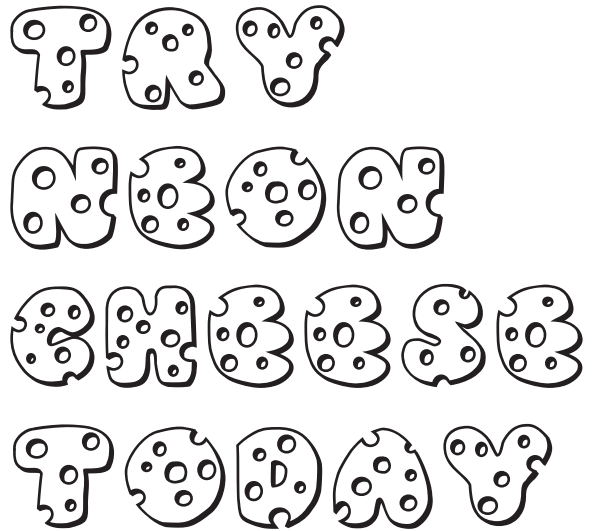
Our World-Famous Neon Cheese™ is made with the freshest, colorless, odorless and inert neon gas.

We inject the gas into the cow's udder just as the milk prepares to evacuate. This gives the resulting cheese the claustrophobic flavor, which is the hallmark of our World-Famous Neon Cheese™.

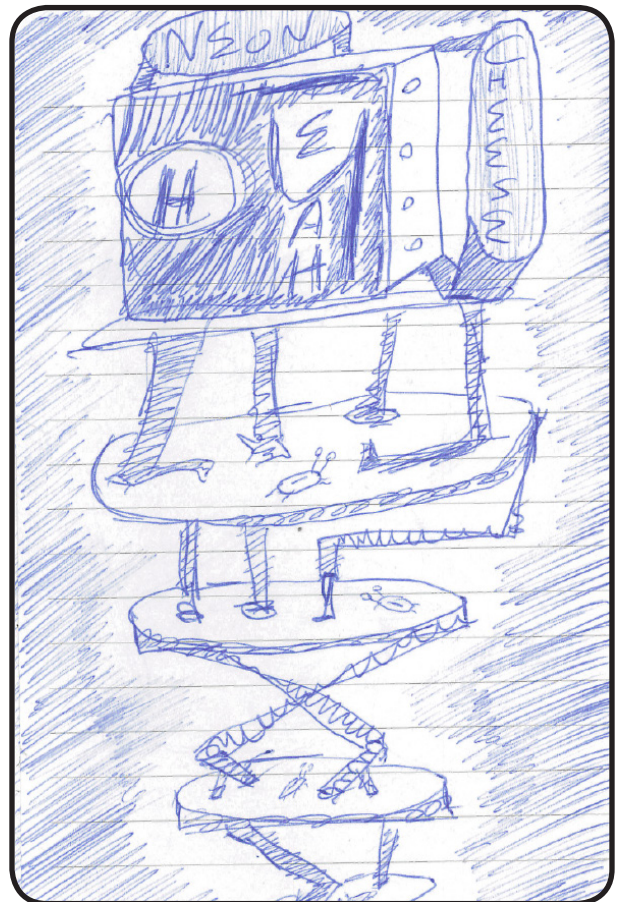
The milk, once it has evacuated the animal, is sloshed in a vat coated with duck slime, to ensure a long shelf life for your neon cheese. Customers have reported with satisfaction eating a block of neon cheese discovered among the affairs of a long-dead grandparent or neighbor. No need to refrigerate Neon Cheese, it will last longer than you. The most significant part of the neon cheese process is the filtration. The evacuated, slime-coated milk is forced through 16 micro-cheesecloths, which in 300 years, have never been cleaned, as this preserves the grit you know and love in your neon cheese. Following filtration, additional neon is introduced, producing a bubbling effect. A blast of nitrogen cools the product and solidifies it.

Package it in plastic and there you have it: a finished block of World-Famous Neon Cheese™.

Our World-Famous Neon Cheese goes great with neon bread, neon strawberries and plain neon.



By Adrian Glass-Moore



An artist's rendition of the neon-cheese-making process.

VIRTUAL LITE

By Cortez Banks

PART 1

“Vaporwave?” Nothing about this term is unproblematic, nothing about it is entirely satisfactory...The term does not even make sense. For if “modern” means “pertaining to the present,” then “vaporwave can only mean “pertaining to the future,” and in that case what would vaporwave fiction be except fiction that has not yet been written? Either the term is a solecism, or this “vapor” does not mean what the dictionary tells us it ought to mean, but only functions as a kind of intensifier.

So that you will believe that the tale I am about to share with you is a fable, made up by an old lady to soothe the weeping of a young bride that had been stolen away in the night and had awakened from a bad dream... but before I get to that, I think I should share some of the true stories I have been a party to as of late. This will also let me bring you up to date on what I’ve been up to – sort of get to know you a little better.

My name is Cortez, by the way. I just finished writing on the eight season of Muscle Beach and I’m on the first day of an indefinite vacation. Nice to meet you!

It’s important you understand the following stories are true – as far as I know. It may be hard to believe they are true, but we often find in life that just because something sounds outrageous doesn’t mean that it didn’t happen. Give it your attention, dear reader, and it will delight you.

I had used some of my happiness for today at the Muscle Beach wrap party last night, but my hangover was manageable, a confident aloofness. My Magnasonic Projection Clock Radio, winner of an online alarm clock shoot out, projected the time on the ceiling, 10:43 AM. I needed something in my stomach. My fridge was a joke, so I made my way to the Plaza to eat breakfast at the Taco Bell in the food court.

Muscle Beach followed five bodybuilders, who had been scouted at Venice Beach area gyms, along their journey towards greatness, and through the trials and tribulations of their everyday life. I was part of the writing team, and more specifically, the writer for most of the confessionals for Karen, a body builder who competed in the Fitness category, and the gym scenes with two brothers, Jock and James who were training for the Mr. Olympus contest. Through her confessionals, I was able to make Karen relatable and likeable, which helped build her brand tremendously, providing her with product endorsements from major fitness clothing manufacturers and her own line of supplement powders called “Karen-Core.” My literary friends would give me shit about writing for Muscle Beach, but it allowed me to find an artistic voice that resonated with an audience, I was creating culture. After locking up its strongest year-on-year growth among the key demographics in 10+ years, Muscle Beach hit a series best 2.8 million total viewers three years ago, but since then, ratings hadn’t grown and the producers were thinking of going in a different direction.

I reached the Plaza entrance, walked my bike to the Ecco Cycle Anti-Seismic Underground Bicycle parking kiosk, punched in my code, and let the machinery do the rest. The Plaza used to be known as the Getty Villa, built by the oil tycoon, J. Paul Getty. The villa design was inspired by the Villa of the Papyri in Herculaneum and incorporated additional details from several other ancient sites. Galleries had been replaced with shops, paintings with products, but the original aesthetic had been preserved by Westfield's team of creatives.

At Taco Bell, I placed my order and took my tray to the booths at the rounded end of the food court. Mark T Smith Taco Bell originals hung above each booth. The piece had become popular after it had been stolen by and recovered from a former Taco Bell employee and his three cohorts in Ohio. The painting depicted a 2-D man with a bell for a head, beige cars traveling up his right arm and colorful cars traveling down his left arm. His left hand was positioned in a pose "going down" for a "high five" but was he actually signaling "slow down?" A kind of Mona Lisa smile. Above his head read 'Taco' and below his feet read 'BeLL' written in a graffiti font that came standard in Microsoft Word. The whole body was surrounded by a two-lane road that went through the words 'Taco' and 'BeLL' like the words were tunnels. Taco Bell had capitalized on the publicity of the heist and made a fortune on t-shirt, tote bag, and mug sales.

I finished my Doritos Loco Tacos and wandered through the Plaza. Fragments of music played as I walked past the shops, this place recharges me spiritually, it's a gateway and pathway. Everything is concealed in symbolism, hidden by veils of mystery and layers of cultural material. Forever 21 was playing my favorite song "Digital Love" by Aphrodite. In this trance, or rather hypnosis, I went round examining everything, but without finding a suggestion or even a trace of what I passionately sought. I wandered from door to door like a man seeking some extravagant and dissolute diversion. I caught sight of a familiar face walking through, surrounded by a sizable entourage, and I quickened my step and overtook her. It was Chandler, her necklace was gold and her clothes Parisian.

"Cortez, how are you?" Chandler said while kissing me on the cheek. "It's funny that I should see you here, I was just talking about you, we're neighbors now. I just moved into a new house on PCH, got it for 8 million, it's worth at least twice that.

I wanted to talk to you because I want to bring you on board for a new app I'm developing. It's called, Tribe, an anonymous social media app that lets users communicate their emotional state to 'the tribe' with emojis. Our algorithm aggregates the data and outputs the average mood of the tribe, we call that 'the vibe of the tribe.' I came up with that.

On the backend we take user information and geolocation to create brand awareness profiles that are used to tailor advertisements to the user's mood. It's available everywhere but we are focusing on Northern California college campuses and hoping for "the Facebook effect." We just closed an \$80 million Series D round and the new funding values us at close to \$500 million.

I'm having a big dinner tonight to celebrate, you must join us.

Well I must be running, same number? I'll text you my address."

I had met Chandler while visiting a friend in SF. I was at Target in downtown San Francisco, and if you're like me, and you have ADOCD (which means I'm constantly changing what I'm absolutely obsessed with), stores like Target are this magical place full of bright colors and shiny metal, and candy, and strange looking people, and the whole thing is just this amazing experience where I leave with this enormous smile on my face. And if you've ever watched me shop, you'd know why.

First of all, I get really stoned beforehand. I don't know why, some nasty habit I picked up in Europe I guess, but it just makes my shopping experience that much more fun. I have my sunglasses on, my headphones on, my music is turned up, and I'm just feelin' it. I'm not listening to R. Kelly, I AM R Kelly.

My mind might be telling me no, but my body is definitely telling me yes. And I'm dancing around, sliding across the floor, grabbing a deodorant and singing into it like a microphone before I flip it behind my back into my shopping cart. I mean, I've got mad shopping skills, it's pretty impressive.

So I'm all done, and I'm waiting in line to pay, and it's crowded so it's taking a little while but I finally get to the front and start unloading all of my stuff. And I don't know if I was just distracted by my music, or the cover of US Weekly or what, but I hadn't noticed anything unusual until I grabbed the last item out of my cart and actually look at it only to see that it was a box a tampons.

Expensive tampons.

And I thought "Well that's strange" because this isn't my usual brand. Then I look at the last 15 things on the conveyor belt and realize they're all products for your lady parts. Which I don't have, at least not with me.

It was at this point that I realized that I had been pushing someone else's shopping cart around for about 15 minuets during which time I had placed maybe 2 items in the cart. And now I'm standing there while this cashier is ringing everything up and placing it in a bag for me to pay for.

"Did you find everything ok" she asks as she slides a bottle of Estrogen booster across the scanner.

"Ummmmm yeah...sort of"

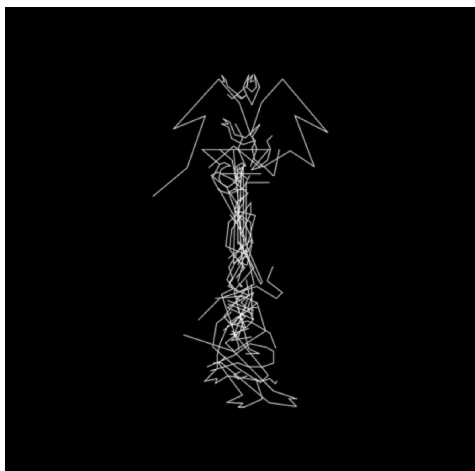
I watch the 'total due' rising higher and higher, and I look to my right to see this long line of people behind me.

I start to panic. What should I do? But before I could act, a woman approached the register. "I'll take it from here. Thanks for unloading my cart." I was in awe. And that's how I met Chandler. Sometimes fate throws peanuts in your coke. She picked up on my "creative" abilities and asked me to work on a campaign that needed some last minute copywriting. After that, I had done a number of odd jobs for her, including writing twitter for her clients and editing emails. I never understood Chandler's business model, but she paid me well and always had work.

Tune out to Virtual Lite - Saturdays 11-Midnight



album reviews



Oneohtrix Point Never Garden of Delete

Review by Sean Johnson

Famed musique concrète pioneer Pierre Schaeffer conceptualized through his acousmatic music the object sonore, a device by which sounds are separated from their visual context, thus paving the way for a radical mode of phenomenological listening whereby sound is stripped from its milieu and reduced to a fundamental sensory experience. John Oswald, a maverick electronic musician working primarily with sample-based sounds, built upon this approach during the 80's in his outlining of a new practice of composition through which existing audio recordings are manipulated, thereby transforming the contextual associations of the source material. Where Schaeffer sought to remove sonic context altogether in a reduction to pure auditory phenomena, Oswald aimed to merely transform it, to allow the listener to hear a particular sound refracted in a different light. He coined this methodology plunderphonics, a practice that has since been adopted by a number of electronic musicians.

One such practitioner in the field is Brooklyn-based producer Daniel Lopatin—more well-known by his alias Oneohtrix Point Never—who offers an eclectic amalgamation of various styles rooted in plunderphonics and popular electronic music. His singular style eschews a straightforward compositional drive in favor of a nonlinear modus operandi whereby streams of sound ripple and swell, not so much converging to a singular tonal center as hinting at a grander scheme. Much like how the painterly abstraction present in Impressionist art brings forth the embryonic

essence of a subject without revealing it in full detail, Lopatin sketches digital soundscapes prominently through samples evoking particular associations. This source material is recontextualized in an Oswaldian fashion through a post-Internet “vaporwave” paradigm (of which Lopatin’s Chuck Person’s EccoJams project is an *avant la lettre* catalyst) based around retro-futurist aesthetics existing somewhere between New Age muzak and a rose-tinted pastiche of dial-up era World Wide Web artifacts. This near-fetishization of Internet nostalgia is in turn sublimated through a semi-ironic detachment serving both to parody and critique capitalist consumer culture—in this regard, Lopatin’s dematerialization of sound rests at an intersection of popular culture and conceptual, academic art.

On 2013’s *R Plus Seven*, Lopatin presented a distillation of spacious arpeggio-laden sounds rooted in the annals of electronic music history—the 1970’s synthesizer-worship of the Berlin School, to be exact—yet remained undoubtedly forward-thinking, using the past as a springboard rather than a means to an end. *Garden of Delete*, his newest offering, is by comparison less of a foray into the halcyon days of progressive electronica, as it instead draws considerable influence from the wells of contemporary dance music while retaining his trademark idiosyncrasies and dynamics.

Lopatin ventures on *G.O.D.* into a decidedly more abrasive and overtly ‘EDM’-centric approach: the second track, ‘Ezra’—which follows an introduction of unnerving, dehumanized vocal samples—is a *Mille Plateaux*-gone-nightcore synthesis of choppy glitch samples and inharmonious MIDI synth lines, complete with high-pitched vocaloid samples. Here a distinctively less subdued tone in comparison to Lopatin’s past efforts is revealed—the high-intensity dance elements are featured prominently in the foreground, rather than merely being suggested. Moreover, ‘Ezra’ demonstrates a sporadic, twisting structure of juxtaposed elements, unlike the focus found on the slow-burning suites of *R Plus Seven*. In this respect, *Garden of Delete* presents itself from its very onset as a far more unpredictable beast than the honed efforts typical of Lopatin. ‘Sticky Drama’ continues in the style of ‘Ezra’ with its combination of pitch-shifted vocaloid samples and abrasive synth textures, the latter of which is taken further into realm of extremity as the track progresses into a high-BPM aggrotech-esque onslaught, becoming a sort of antithesis to the austerity of *R Plus Seven* and *Replica*’s minimal approach.

‘Mutant Standard’, the record’s centerpiece (clocking in

at around eight minutes), is exemplary of G.O.D.'s eclecticism: opening with an oscillating vacuum-like sound, hard industrial-techno rhythms are introduced, contrasted by the emergence of glossy textures and morphed alongside samples of nature recordings and dialogue, only to segue into a brief ambient passage which is in turn interrupted by a jarring trance melody. An interplay between vibrant dance rhythms and downcast, minimal passages ensues until the sound gradually fades away, replaced with a grinding, metallic drone that closes out the piece. This lengthy suite is perhaps the most representative of the album as a whole in its versatility of clashing electronic styles: elements of ambient, techno, trance, industrial, noise, and plunderphonics are fused together in a deconstructive manner, yet the combination is not quite seamless, a prevailing weakness of the entire album. 'Mutant Standard', and to a lesser extent 'Freaky Eyes', are characterized by a rather haphazardly-constructed composition, whereby incongruent segments are seemingly chained together with little respect towards the piece as a holistic entity. The aforementioned trance section is in particular illustrative of this notion: it emerges from the preluding ambient passage in such an arbitrary, forced fashion as to undermine the track's conception as a singular composition. As there is no central motif or theme to tie the discrete sections of the arrangement together, the effect on the listener is that of hearing several fragments in succession without obtaining a sense of unity across them.

While Lopatin's compositions have always been rather non-linear in the past, he still maintained a strong discipline in the progressions of his songs. Here, on the other hand, he appears to reject this mentality in favor of sheer volatility, ultimately rendering G.O.D. a shallower, more perfunctory effort than typical of OPN. The album's eclecticism, while novel, is not entirely substantiated on a purely musical basis. The many detectable influences of contemporary electronic music don't entirely transcend the realm of superficiality: in their lack of unity, the interplay of these disparate styles seems little more than a gimmick. That is not to say, however, that the record does not lack its successes: tracks like the introspective 'Child of Rage' hint at the maturity of composition that Lopatin is capable of when not resorting to forced heterogeneity. The interlude track 'ECCOJAMC1' sees Lopatin nod towards his past through a brief display of the dissociative, quasi-hyperreal style of the aforementioned Chuck Person project, which employs a loop-based minimalism to transform samples—often snippets of banal pop lyrics—into mantras by way of a transcendental repetition. The inclusion of this piece, which stands out from the rest of the record, appears to be

placed as a means of contextualizing the erratic stylings of the surrounding tracks within the scope of Lopatin's work as a whole. It also consequentially serves the perhaps unintentional purpose of reminding the listener of the artist's potential when not squandered by a lack of focus.

Despite its faults, Garden of Delete unquestionably retains intrigue: though not the most concentrated Lopatin release, its extensive musical vocabulary does invite repeated listens. The dance elements, while often tacky, pulsate with a vibrant exuberance. The glimpses of virtuosity scattered across the record—the organ of 'Freaky Eyes' being enveloped by a swirling digital maelstrom (succumbing to a forced transition thereafter, only to be redeemed by the haunting robotic lament that closes the track), the bird calls and field recordings protruding from the stark Brutalism of 'Mutant Standard's pounding techno rhythms—synthesizing the natural with the artificial—and the tasteful acoustic instrumentation throughout acting as detritus in a computerized landscape are all testaments to the potential of Oneohtrix Point Never as both a conceptually and sonically-stimulating project when properly honed.



Upon Your Shore

The Spiral Electric

Review by TJ (Sub Zero, Friday 6-8PM)

This San Francisco-based foursome released their first EP, *Upon Your Shore*, in April 2015. The sound of The Spiral Electric has been described in a bio as, "...one part soaring melody, one part face melting guitar, one part orbiting synth, one part danceable groove and a heavy dose of west coast psychedelia,

shaken not stirred. Drink it straight, no chaser.”

I definitely agree and these five songs are an excellent representation of their overall material which is heavy with a psych sound but also infused with rocking guitars and clear vocals. The title track “Upon Your Shore” starts off with a long intro of psych before transitioning into the vocals. “So Far Gone” has what can be described as a drum march before the guitars join in and then the vocals carry you. “Take The Drop” is my favorite, an absolutely outstanding all-instrumental piece that carries you from start to finish with some great psych guitar work in the middle. “Never Forget” is a slower track but no less energetic overall. “Envy” is the longest track at 9:22, the last half of which is a jam alternating between bits of quiet and full-throttle. I’ve had the pleasure of seeing them live in Sacramento (The Witch Room, RIP) and recently Third Space in Davis, great performances. If you like a formula of psych + rock + great vocals, Upon Your Shore is definitely up your alley.



Passage(EP)
Lowercase Noises
Review by Ethan Norvell

Like the beauty and heaviness of a breathtaking view — a cool Fall day on the mountaintop. Sometimes like a whisper in the flowing leaves. Other times it’s howling like the wind. To be completely honest, this music isn’t what I would define as something I’d typically listen to. I would even go as far to say that you wouldn’t typically listen to this either. Yet, this short collection of five tracks captivated me, and I’m almost sure it will captivate you as well. The album is titled Passage, and rightfully so, as it feels like a journey—less so like a physical

one; the journey is more within than out.

There is music that relies on technical aspects to awe the listener. Passage is not that type of music. Rather, the impressive features of this album lurk in the purity of its expression and the strong emotion that songwriter Andy Othling brings to the table. First off, Passage encompasses a wide range of genres, including post-rock, ambient, drone and even folk. Ambient music as a whole strips away most of the “music” and replaces it with space for the listener to let their imagination roam free. Simplicity is key to this genre, and is therefore a central aspect of the album as a whole. This is not to say that these rich compositions lack technical substance—it just happens to be more subtle than most people care to pick out.

The emotions conveyed are indeed powerful, but the ingenuity of this album lies in its subtle layering. Each track has so many textures that it’s hard not to be drawn in. The album’s layering leads to a natural build in each song, but it’s not a typical build-drop-build-drop structure. The flow is so perfect, you wouldn’t think twice about it: every bridge, every verse, and every riff is exactly where it should be, when it should be.

Although sometimes rhythmically complex, most of the songs have long-lasting, simple phrases that are one half to a quarter of the tempo. This gives the spacey, calming aspect to the music. It sounds twice as slow than it actually is. One of my favorite songs, Beauty into Wreck, is a great illustration of this. The reverberating guitar that plays the simple four note riff comes in half time and soars over the other instruments. Aside from very well thought out writing, the instrumentation in this album sets it aside as a unique work of art. Ambient and post-rock is typically dominated by (heavily) effected guitar and keyboards. In contrast, Lowercase Noises incorporates banjo, cello, harmonium, and booming orchestral percussion to their songs. Right from the first track, Prevailing Winds, one hears the rich and defined banjo plucking paired with harmonium and keyboard percussion, which is quickly accompanied by bass-heavy drums and rim clicks. Cello, played beautifully by Shannon Harden, is heard sparsely throughout the second track, Roaring Forties. The final track, A Gold Earring, even features electronic percussion, but I’m sorry to say I don’t think it fits at all.

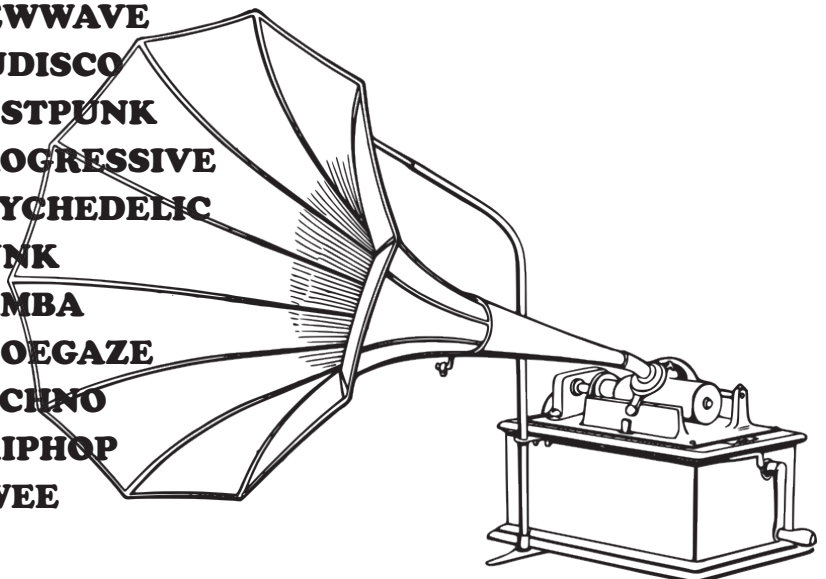
There is extensive commentary that one could make about this EP, but I’ll leave you with this: make some time to listen to it for yourself, and keep an open mind as to what it has to offer. I’d suggest pairing it with a walk in the Arboretum or a quiet spot with a view.

music genre word search

A Y N I U P P H R W H P B E J B I H K A K M P Z P Y D Y G I
C L N J H J F J O T F S H K O N V L D L H R F D O M N W L D
G I T J H S Z Y C P V Y T A D T O Y O U O F L X S A J U S F
B A N E A I X W S G V C Z I R F D F J G H Q F W T O P G I T
P H R O R V U W I S D H E O A D K F R E L F D X P O P V Q E
N F Q A R N I I D I R E K M T A C E L A I R T S U D N I E C
Y R C Z G T A I U S W D G N E W S O M I E R J F N L D Q L H
M L T A Y E C T N K Y E L R U S V I R A N Q O I K Z W M Y N
A B M A S Z E E I X T L F D I P N E M E G P O H P I R T T O
Q V K L I F Z D L V P I P V R I D P V W P F X H H Q N I S Y
S H O E G A Z E M E E C E R M W O E W A W R Y M N I H P D V
O H W L V L O Z L B Q F N U Z P C M K W W H P C K U W B R N
M F X N D J M A Y F G Z W N J S Q Q C O A W T C N S J L A A
F J G R U N G E T W E E H L I Z V B D V T Z E I U Q M L H G
B S R K P J Y U Z A E X N B J S B O P C Y E E N F H D M W V

ALTERNATIVE
DREAMPOP
EDM
ELECTRONIC
FOLK
FREAKFOLK
FUNK
GARAGE
GRUNGE
HARDCORE
HARDSTYLE
INDIE
INDUSTRIAL

MINIMAL
NEWWAVE
NUDISCO
POSTPUNK
PROGRESSIVE
PSYCHEDELIC
PUNK
SAMBA
SHOEGAZE
TECHNO
TRIPHOP
TWEE



Pockets of Playtime

By Dynn Javier

Petunia woke up at her usual time and went to the window to check up on the cosmos. She was sleepy-eyed and her oversized lavender pajamas made it hard for her to scratch the dust away. Outside the stars and planets looked as they always did. Now, it all never looked exactly the same. Petunia's little compartment in space was always moving, drifting. But the familiar shapes and colors were there, just smaller-or larger. She stood still at the window for a short while. There were the smaller systems out there that looked like sparks or tiny light bulbs emitting different shades of blue and orange and white. There were sometimes long snaky strips of color that layered the view, too. Petunia liked these, big pink and purple clouds and galaxies with specks of glitter—probably huge asteroids—running all throughout. She thought they were very pretty.

Petunia remembered now that her father wanted to name her Petra or Pearl originally. Her mother wanted something more along the lines of Paula, or Pauline. They agreed on Petunia eventually. Petunia didn't know how or why she remembered this. She was only a little girl, of about six or seven after all. At this time she left the window and went to play with her toys in the far corner of her little floating cube.

Her favorite toy was her stuffed bear. The bear was white with two shiny black buttons tightly sewn in for eyes. He didn't have a name, or if he did she had forgotten it. She picked him up with both hands and he kept his shape. His stubby arms and legs were outstretched, perfect for sitting or hugging. Petunia set him on the windowsill, facing outside.

"Keep an eye out," she tells him.

The bear, silent, kept to his post.

"Oh, I almost forgot—"

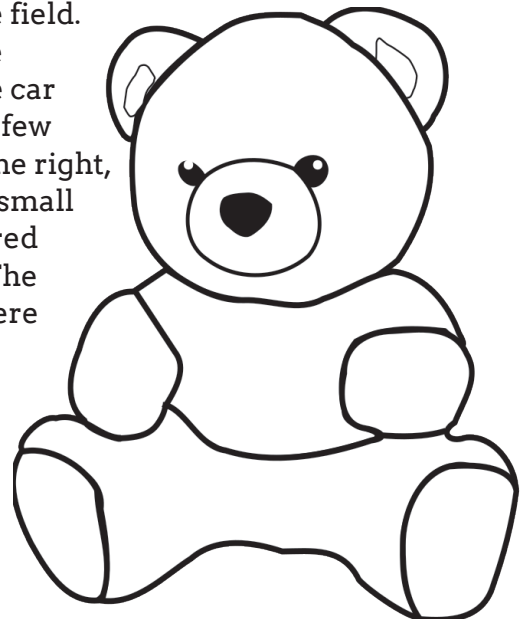
And she zipped back around before gently placing a disposable camera on the bear's lap.

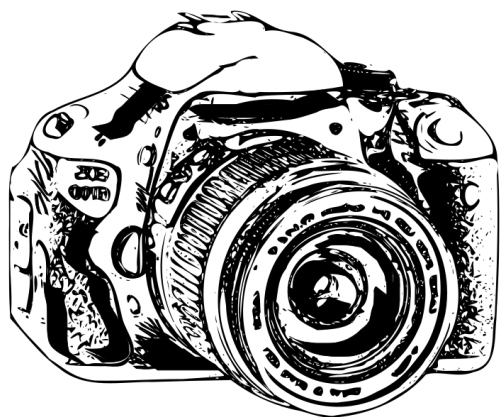
"And take a picture if anything neat happens."

The bear, camera in hand, was unflappable.

Back in her corner Petunia was careful not to brush away any of her marbles. She tiptoed carefully between each little sphere, lifting her pajama pants high above her ankles. After a few close calls she reached a small toy car somewhere lost in the middle of her marble field.

Slowly, she pushed the car forward, a few inches to the right, closer to a small pocket of red marbles. The marbles were some of Petunia's other favorite things to enjoy.





In the wake of her toy car were some marbles that looked

like little goldfish were swimming inside. Others protected little rose petals, cat eyes, or confetti dreams. Sometimes Petunia liked to hold them in the palm of her hand. On the other side of the room she flicked them together sometimes. It was more to hear them snap and click than anything else. Pop! She was never to get a good look at them when they were moving like so fast like that, but she liked the noise. Though, most of the time she liked to arrange them out on the carpet and let them sleep there in their own little rainbows. And then she would go to bed and sleep in her own oasis, too.

Petunia woke up at her usual time and went to the bear to ask him about what had happened while she was asleep. The window was almost fully covered by a shower of red light and the glow reflected off the bear's black button eyes.

"Oh, why didn't you take any pictures?" she whines. Then she picked up the camera to turn the little plastic gear and peek in the viewfinder. There were no satisfying clicks and the lens was fogged up.

The bear, knowing just as well as she did that the thing had been out of film for some time now, didn't know what to say.

Petunia didn't even remember what pictures were on the film roll to begin

with—she hadn't any time to get them developed—but soon put the camera down to look out the big window again.

It was all red. It was so red that her entire little space was covered in red light. She frowned and walked over to her garden of marbles after turning the bear around so that he faced the inside of the room now. Looking down, the marbles were untouched like always, but the light was getting hotter and hotter behind her. Petunia had to squint her eyes and her pajamas felt too warm. Crouching, she stuck out her pointer finger and carefully pushed her little car closer to the marbles in front of it. It was getting really hot now. She was waiting for the pop, but still couldn't remember how or why her parents agreed on naming her Petunia. It was a pretty name, though.

RECORDS THAT TIME FORGOT

BY SEAN JOHNSON

Herein are exceptional albums of past decades that, for their outré qualities, limited distributions, or otherwise lack of mainstream appeal, have been unjustly relegated to obscurity since their release. This list seeks to shine light on seven such recordings that deserve to be unearthed.



VINCENT LE MASNE ET BERTRAND PORQUET - GUITARES DÉRIVE

Year: 1976

Label: Shandar

Country: France

Genre: Classical Guitar, Minimalism, Folk

Released on the French cult label Shandar (the catalog of which is home to notables like Sun Ra, Pandit Pran Nath, Terry Riley, and La Monte Young), Guitares Dérive is a recording of a classical-guitar duet in a minimalist vein, yet unlike their

contemporaries working within that idiom (Glass, Reich, et al), Masne and Porquet stray from systems of repetitive phrases towards a more non-linear, evolving mode of composition. The way in which the lengthy suites of the record unfold brings to mind John Fahey at the peak of his virtuosity (1973's Fare Forward Voyagers, in particular).

GEINOH YAMASHIROGUMI - OSOREZAN / DO NO KENBAI

Year: 1976

Label: Victor

Country: Japan

Genre: Psychedelic Rock, Experimental Folk, Choral



Perhaps most notable for their haunting gamelan-infused soundtrack to the cult-classic 1988 anime film Akira, Geinoh Yamashirogumi is an amorphous musical collective comprised of hundreds of people, musicians and non-musicians alike. Their style, much like the musicians in question, is hard to pin down as a singular entity: it is an amalgamation of a wide range of influences from the disparate realms of Western popular music and Eastern traditional music, forming a uniquely multicultural sound. This debut album wastes no time in setting the listener at unease, opening with a bloodcurdling shriek that launches into a psychedelic freak-out blending the traditional Japanese Noh theater music with Vangelis-esque electronic atmospherics and jazz-fusion instrumentation, all submerged in a spiritual, archaic atmosphere. The second side of this LP consists of a choir-driven piece of ritualistic traditional music, evoking the mysticism of some ancient ceremony. Undoubtedly a challenging album, Osorezan / Dō no Kenbai is a remarkable work that should not be passed up by adventurous listeners.



LES SCULPTEURS DE VINYL - MEMORY & MONEY

Year: 1997

Label: Stupeur et Trompette

Country: France

Genre: Turntable Music, Plunderphonics

An eclectic, superbly-composed, and very noisy mashup of samples from records that run the gamut from video-game soundtracks to 20th century classical, created by an all-star cast of avant-garde musicians including forerunners in turntable experimentation eRikm and Otomo Yoshihide.

MICHEL REDOLFI – PACIFIC TUBULAR WAVES

Year: 1980

Label: INA-GRM

Country: France

Genre: Electroacoustic, Musique concrète



Composed in 1979, Pacific Tubular Waves is an electronic emulation of underwater sound that effectively creates a sort of “sonic cinema” for the listener. The purely synthesized sounds (generated with the Synclavier) undulate with organic textures that are dynamically spatialized to envelop the listener in a shifting, oceanic stereo field. An undeservedly overlooked gem of the academic realm of electronic music.



HAKU – NA MELE A KA HAKU

Year: 1975

Label: (private press)

Country: United States

Genre: Progressive Electronic

An album that, until 2015’s reissue on the label EM, was virtually impossible to get a hold of due to its physical scarcity (and the lack of any digital uploads). The wait was not in vain, however: Na Mele A Ka Haku, the product of musician Frank Tavares, is an ode to Hawaiian culture that pays respect to the state’s multiethnic nature through a set of stories spoken in multiple languages (Hawaiian, English, Japanese) that act as a foreground to warm analog synthesizers. An unclassifiable fusion of traditional music, oral history, and vintage electronica, this record is an anomaly that demands to be heard.

TRIBO MASSÁHI – ESTRELANDO EMBAIXADOR

Year: 1972

Label: River’s

Country: Brazil

Genre: Afro-Brazilian, Batucada



Recorded by the Brazilian actor Embaixador with a group of friends in a short span of time, and pressed to only around 50 copies intended as promotional tools, Estrelando Embaixador is a long sought-after relic for record collectors (hence the high demand for the reissue by Goma Gringa Discos last year). Today it remains a pinnacle of Afro-Brazilian music, taking batucada (a fusion of traditional African and Brazilian percussive styles) to dizzying new heights through a wild display of tropicália, jazzy woodwind instrumentation, and tribal rhythms. Fans of Afrobeat pioneer Fela Kuti will find themselves at home with this record’s call-and-response vocal dynamic coupled with a heavy percussive focus that expands into a sprawling, continuous suite on both sides of the LP.



CLAUDE LOMBARD – CLAUDE LOMBARD

Year: 1969

Label: Disques Jacques Canetti

Country: France

Genre: Psychedelic Pop

A relic of the space-age, this debut by French chanteuse Claude Lombard is an inspired gem of sunshine psychedelia that predicted (and likely inspired) the sound of retro-chic bands of the 90’s like Stereolab and Broadcast. Perhaps most notable is the stellar production, with its use of echo and reverb alongside synthesizer instrumentation that creates a warm, nostalgic atmosphere instantly bringing the listener into the 60’s.

.For more relics of sonic esoterica, tune in Wednesdays from 2-4AM to Cosmic Tones (all broadcasts are also archived at kdvs.org) or follow the show’s Facebook page for daily music posts: facebook.com/cosmictoneskdvs.

Set the Sacramento Scene:

Top 5 Definitive Bars and Venues

by Thom Stone



1. Naked Lounge:

Though a bit lacking in the alcohol department, the coffeehouse consistently provides an experience of premium quality, between the drinks and live music. The promoters book everything from punk to funk there on an almost daily basis, but more often artists tend to be of the singer-songwriter variety, especially on week nights. It is an eminently friendly space, with outgoing staff and plenty of regulars, which makes for a low-key environment allowing show-goers to sit back and enjoy the music or mozy outside for a conversation. Also worth mentioning are the acoustics, which are arguably the best in the area, containing the sound but never deadening it in any way.



2. The Press Club:

Smack dab in the center of Midtown's bar crawl, The Press Club is perfect for having a good time on any given day. I've gone a handful of times to DJ Larry's Funk Night, which happens every Sunday at 9, free of charge, and I have been to see some great acts during the week too. The ambiance is gritty for sure, but I have never known the bar to host belligerent types, as the crowd seems to be generally students. I don't much care for the beer selection, but I'm consistently impressed with the spirits and service.

Music enthusiasts watch Yob perform at the Press Club



3. Starlite Lounge:

With biweekly if not triweekly cheap shows, what was once a low-key rock bar has gradually become regarded as an established venue in Midtown's underground music scene, especially among punk and metal circles. Though it's definitely rare for any big names to come through, it's a great place to hang out regardless—if you want live music, you can go hang out upstairs and watch or if not, the sound is mostly dissipated in the bar area below. For frequent show-goers and bar crawlers alike, this is a must.



David Liebe Hart playing at the Starlite Lounge



The Dodos playing at Harlow's

4. Harlow's:

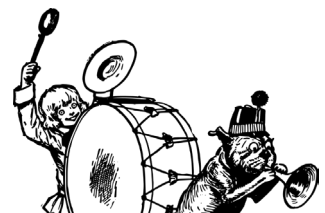
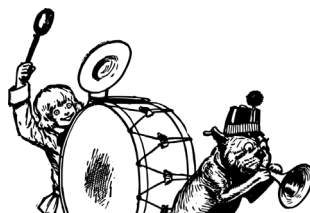
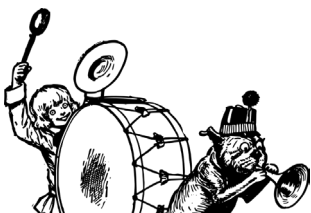
When my friend and I were 18, we were set on going to see a classic ska band, but couldn't due to the age limit and so had it in mind as the Holy Grail of concert venues in Sacramento. When I finally got there a year ago and christened the moment with a nice IPA, I was most surprised by the humble interior, replete with a small but no less open floor-space and minimalist decoration, but where it really shines is the acoustics: near flawless. Even watching a band with 5+ members, I could hear each moving part perfectly.

5. The Colonial Theatre:

For a night of sheer noise and debauchery, look no further than The Colonial Theatre where you'll find it in abundance. Drawing bands from all across the spectrum, everything from chiptune rock to grind-core, the promoters consistently deliver, but not always on time. My initial experience with the venue had me waiting over two hours for the music to start, at which point I almost left. Being well off the beaten path in South Oak Park, the location as well as the food and beer are not exactly ideal, but as far as the lineups are concerned, quality is guaranteed.



Brave Season doing a show at the Colonial





STAGE ADAPTATION OF ALBERT CAMUS
L'ENTRANGER

(THE STRANGER)

by Dakota Hill

In an effort to recreate the magic of the classic Albert Camus story, *The Stranger*, there was only one actor we had in mind that could portray the complex anti-hero of Mersault. Unfortunately, that actor, infamous 1960s French badboy Alain Delon, declined our offer. With a crushed dream and not enough funds to hire a real actor, we had an epiphany. Perhaps there is no better way to capture the enticing first person narrative spirit than to thrust the audience themselves into Mersault's shoes. With that being said, let's begin our adventure into this artsy French interpretation of the absurd, starring you!

ACT I

It is pitch black.

TELEGRAM: Your mama is dead.

Lights up to reveal a bare stage with an overweight man colorfully dressed as a woman in a wheelchair center. The floor is painted white with black stripes pointing towards the middle because aesthetic.

BOSS:(Sarcastically) Sure, you can take two days off from work to go to your mother's funeral. That would be absolutely acceptable.

Blackout. BOSS exits. Soundcue 1: bus travel noise. Lights up. Enter HOME DIRECTOR and funeral helpers, all dressed in black, holding a coffin.

HOME DIRECTOR:(Sincerely) This was a good place to abandon your mother; old person homes are some of the happiest places to wait for death. Would you like to see her corpse?

The audience probably won't reply. I mean, besides the boys from Stand By Me, who wants to see a corpse? Furthermore, the audience is probably just beginning to comprehend that they are Mersault. It is natural for the audience to not say much at first as they may feel uncomfortable with the format' however, this is the desired effect. Feeling uneasy helps emphasize the struggle Mersault developed while trying to understand the world. Do everything in your power to make the audience feel uncomfortable at this moment. HOME DIRECTOR and funeral helpers should be staring at individual members of the audience. The temperature rising as warm lights are focused into the audience. We are conditioning the audience to dislike warm lights, consider it a form of method acting. This should go on long enough that it is a relief for the audience at this BLACKOUT. Lights back up revealing a bodacious woman, MARIE, who creates an antithesis from the last scene by charming the audience immensely and making them feel at home.

MARIE: Let's go the beach.

Soundcue 2: Romantic beach music.

MARIE: Let's go in the water!

MARIE takes buckets of water and splashes the audience members sitting in the wet zones.

MARIE: Let's spend the night together.

MARIE begins to undress and with each article of clothing removed, an increasingly flirtatious comment is added. The music should build up to a passionate burst, at which point the flower ballerinas prance out on point for their number. It is visually and audibly pleasing. On the last moment of the music, BLACKOUT. Lights up. MARIE is gone. After a minute of nothing, people begin to wander the stage. The effect should be that of foot traffic along a street. The audience people watches for ten minutes. BLACKOUT. Lights up with BOSS center.

BOSS:(Friendly) I wasn't expecting you back so soon. How is your mother?

BLACKOUT. Lights up.

Enter RAYMOND, a man dressed as a stereotypical extravagant pimp, complete with cane and hat.

RAYMOND: I know what it looks like, I'm a warehouse guard. How about I treat you to dinner?

RAYMOND brings out scrumptious food to patrons sitting in the fifty dollar VIP seats. The aroma of the delicacies may be enjoyed by those in the cheap seats.

RAYMOND: Hey pal, one of my girls, err, my girlfriend is cheating on me. I need your help. Can you help a brother out? I need you to write a letter to guilt trip her back to my bed, then I'm going to spit in her eye.

The letter falls from the sky.

RAYMOND: Thanks pal!

BLACKOUT. Soundcue 3: Romantic beach music 2 and sounds of hanky panky. Lights up to reveal MARIE wearing nothing but an audience member's shirt and tousled hair. The audience is immediately charmed by her presence.

MARIE: Do you love me?

The audience is awkwardly quiet. MARIE is disappointed. An argument is heard. RAYMOND enters beating his girlfriend. Enter Police officer who slaps RAYMOND. Ensemble exeunt. BLACKOUT. Lights up with BOSS center.

BOSS: Would you like an ambitious promotion in Paris?

Audience is still confused from last scene.

BOSS: Well then.

Exit BOSS. Enter MARIE.

MARIE: Marry me.

Audience will probably give a half hearted affirmative answer.

MARIW: Well then.

Exit MARIE. BLACKOUT. The lights have difficulty going up, representing the audience's lack of interest in the show. They all think the show is silly and doesn't make sense. The lights only affirm their opinion. MARIE enters.

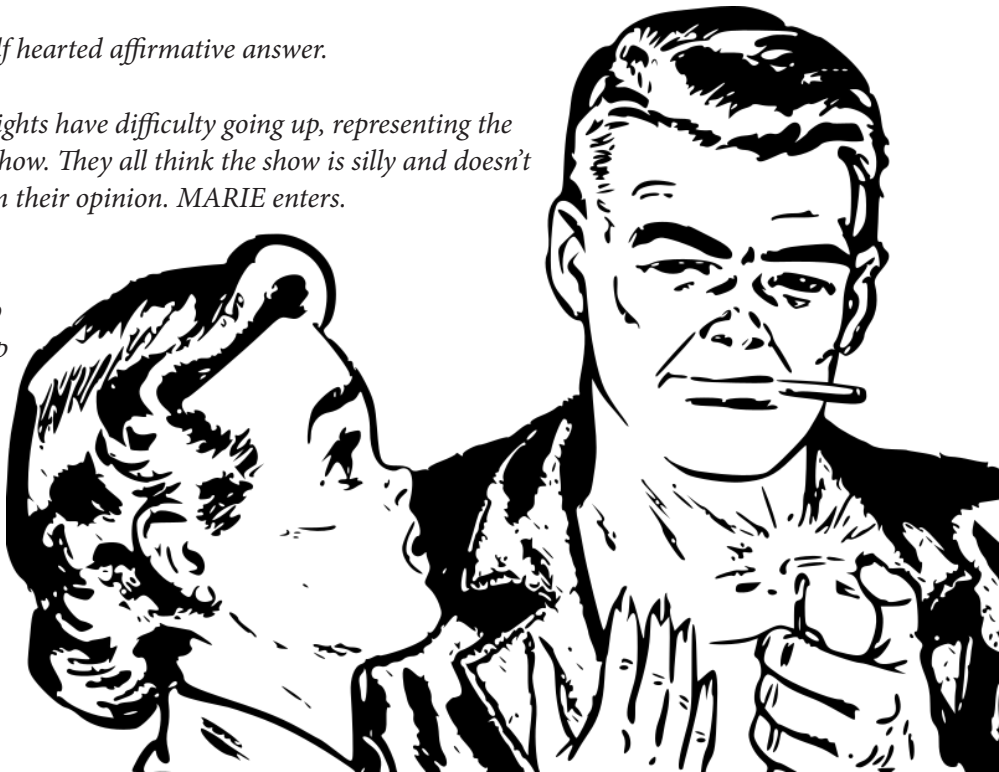
MARIE: Wake up!

MARIE shakes audience members as the lights continue to have difficulty. The lights come up normally. Exit MARIE, enter RAYMOND, wearing his usual attire (cane and hat) but with s wim trunks on.

RAYMOND: Yo Pal, a weekend at my friend's beach house is exactly what we need.

This is going to-

Enter RAYMOND's ex girlfriend and ARAB.



RAYMOND: Mersault, check it out!

RAYMOND *hides behind audience members.*

RAYMOND: It's my used to be and her brother, the Arab.

ARAB:(In red spotlight) The Arab.

RAYMOND:(In orange spotlight) The Arab.

ARAB:(In yellow spotlight) The Arab.

RAYMOND:(A warm light that covers the entire audience) The Arab. Let's go.

RAYMOND *walks in circles as the ARAB follows him. The heat combined with the actors walking in circles creates a disorienting nausea for the audience. Eventually, the walking turns into a rotating fist fight, in which the ARAB slashes RAYMOND's arm.*

There is a gigantic, Quentin Tarantino style, amount of blood.

RAYMOND: Take my revolver.



RAYMOND *hands revolvers to the audience members. Exit RAYMOND. The stage lights are now hotter than ever on the audience. The lights are focused in such a way that the audience can hardly see anything on the stage let alone open their eyes. It is unbearably uncomfortable. Soundcue 4: Psychedelic music, which slowly increases in volume and intensity with each second. The fog machines come on, but the lights are blinding now, the music louder than any rock concert in existence. It is the worst experience of any audience member's life and it lasts for an hour. The audience will try to escape but it is no use, there is no possible way to find an exit. Just when it couldn't get worse, there is an explosive bloodcurdling gun shot. Followed by several more. With each gun shot, the ARAB splashes the wetzone seats with fake blood. BLACKOUT with last gunshot at end of song. House lights fade up. Half of the audience is covered in fake blood, the other half in real vomit. Several members are experiencing epileptic seizures on the floor, several members dead. The aroma of scrumptious food that once provided euphoria, now provides dysphoria as the disgusting food has made a dramatic return from the esophagus. The interactive experience believed to take audiences to new heights, takes them to new lows. It's a disaster. Why couldn't Alain Delon be Mersault! We knew nobody else could handle the complexity! The actors, producers, technicians, and writers weep over the casualties. There is no use performing the second act, the message is already inherent. People go to a show and in their effort to stick through it and understand it, they die. That is life.*



Winter 2016 Programming Guide

Sunday

12:00 AM - 2:00 AM Neonate (Fighting for a Future)

Punk Roge & M. Riot
2 hours of punk rock.
Genre: Hardcore, Punk, Street Punk, and Old School Punk

2:00 AM - 4:00 AM Live from Luna II

Dr. L'ling
Music for (and from) outer space
Genre: Synth, Space Rock, Progressive, Synthwave, Ambient Noise

4:00 AM - 6:00 AM Cinderella's Missing Converse

Voiceless/Nameless
Rock music old and new from the mind of a fangirl
Genre: Eclectic

6:00 AM - 8:00 AM Songs of Praise Gospel Program

Bobby H & Dr. Kwame
Genre: Gospel Music, Community Announcements, Bible Study

8:00 AM - 10:00 AM "In Focus"/Perspective

Bernard Benson
"In Focus" is a weekly religious talk show whose theme is to solve problems of students and the community in "Light of Scripture." Perspective.

Genre: Religious Music, Christian Pop, Hip Hop, Gospel/Christian Folk, Jazz, Spiritualized Music

10:00 AM - 1:00 PM The Latest Island Radio Cafe

Gary B. Goode
New releases plus surprises. "Reggae ten at ten." Latino/a, Hawaiian Music. African as well. Jazz too.

Alternates with:

Cross Cultural Currents
Mindy
Reggae + African
Genre: International, Reggae

1:00 PM - 3:00 PM Radio Wadada Papa Wheelie

A conscious reggae session featuring reggae (old and new) dub and dancehall.
Genre: Reggae

3:00 PM - 6:00 PM

New Day Jazz
Justine Desmangles
Genre: Jazz

6:00 PM - 8:00 PM

Yellow Brick Road

DJ Yolo Ono & Seoul Sista
WE'RE DOWN TO COLLAB
Genre: Eclectic, Indie, Hip Hop, Swag, Alt, Music To Cry To

8:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Front Porch Blues Show

Rich Blackmarr, TJ & JD Esquire
Genre: Blues

10:00 PM - 12:00 AM

Punk Playground

M. Riot
Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Punks go round and round in de middle! Punks go Oi! Oi! in de front! Punks do de pogo on de pogo stick! Oi! Stay lovely me dear and dance me a diddy on me tea pot! Fur I took de road less traveled wit me cat named Spot!
Genre: Punk, Street Punk, Hardcore, Early Punk, International Punk, Spoken Word, Live Recordings

Alternates with:

Psychedelic Psoul

Tim Matranga
Psychedelic psoul (with a splash of surf, garage, and new music)
Genre: 60's Rock, Soul, Psych, New Music

Monday

12:00 AM - 1:00 AM Special Delivery!!!

DJ E & DJ Rhine
Yeeeeeeaaaaaahhhhh-hh!!!!!!
Genre: Shoegaze, Dream Pop, Indie Rock

1:00 AM - 2:00 AM KVULTOVKALIFORNIA

Tomcat
All the latest and greatest in Northern California's black metal scene.
Genre: Black Metal, Doom, Sludge, etc.

2:00 AM - 4:00 AM

Act Natural

Khan
A tasteful blend of seductive rhythms
Genre: Hip-hop, Jazz, Funk, R&B, Jazz-Funk

4:00 AM - 6:00 AM

Honeymoon on the Dance Floor

FKA Gribs

Genre: Techno, House, Disco, Soul, Post-Dubstep, Bass, UK

6:00 AM - 8:00 AM Positive Vibrations

DJ Tri-Sara-Tops
Music for when you are spellbound in supermarkets.
Genre: Indie Rock, Psychedelic, Garage Rock, Eclectic

8:00 AM - 9:30 AM

This Week In Science

Each week, Dr. Kirsten Sanford and Justin Jackson, and Blair Bazdarich, better known as TWIS, serve up science-y infotainment for your learning pleasure.

9:30 AM - 12:00 PM Apartment 5

baby d
knowing nothing need be done / is where we begin from
Genre: Indie Pop, Twee, Alt-Rock, Shoegaze, General Monday Morning Vibes

12:00 PM - 1:00 PM Democracy Now!

1:00 PM - 2:30 PM Staff Paper Project

Christine
Exploring today's classical music
Genre: Modern Comp, Experimental, Classical

2:30 PM - 3:30 PM Dream Waves

Mr. Moondog
A sonic journey through space and time
Genre: Eclectic

3:30 PM - 4:30 PM It's All about the Aftertaste

Ramona & shag
Arguments about things that don't matter, dad jokes abound, the occasional attempt at philosophizing, and some music, too.

4:30 PM - 5:00 PM

Reel Talk

From the latest box office hits to classic indie gems, Reel Talk is all about films and the craft of filmmaking. We peer through a different lens each week to talk about writing, directing, editing, etc., featuring guests from the Davis Filmmaking Society.

5:00 PM - 6:00 PM

The Thomas Jefferson Hour

Humanities scholar Clay Jenkinson is a Jefferson expert and has been impersonating the nation's

third president for more than 30 years. Producing The Thomas Jefferson Hour from inside a converted farmhouse in North Dakota, Jenkinson answers listeners' questions in the voice of Thomas Jefferson, based on the former president's writings and actions in life.

6:00 PM - 8:00 PM Impact Heaven

Greenslade
Breaking through barriers on a journey to the stars.
Genre: Electronic

8:00 PM - 9:00 PM Despues Del After

La Groovy
Genre: Rock y Pop en Español, Psych, Electronica, Experimental, Hermosura, y Puro Puro Amor

9:00 PM - 10:00 PM Attitude Adjustment

DJ Meow Mix & Yamster
So much of an experience you need to get a permission slip signed.

10:00 PM - 1:00 AM The Suicide Watch

Ophelia Necro

Tuesday

1:00 AM - 2:00 AM Lean Back

DJ Simar Down & DJ Timmy Turner
Slappin tracks to bang when you trappin out the bando.
Genre: Hiphop, RnB

2:00 AM - 3:00 AM Audible Nudity

DJ Gregg
Two lonely guys with a lot of music
Genre: Eclectic

3:00 AM - 4:00 AM Tuesday Morning Kind of Pink

Pixie Nix
Dreamy music for the middle of the night
Genre: Alternative Rock, Dream Pop

4:00 AM - 6:00 AM Fine Dining

DJ Quartz & DJ Xena
Our show will feature a "genre of the week" style structure where we play and educate our listeners on that chosen genre
Genre: Eclectic

6:00 AM - 7:00 AM

The 36th Chamber B-ROCK

Genre: Ska, Reggae, Hip-hop, Punk, Rock

7:00 AM - 8:00 AM Trap House

Pleo
Bringing you the finest in hip-hop and electronica, all funky beats and good-vibes welcome :)

Genre: Hip-Hop, Electronica, EDM, Trap, House

8:00 AM - 8:30 AM Psicologia

A show where we talk about some of the most insane and interesting findings in psychology.

8:30 AM - 9:30 AM From the Vault

9:30 AM - 12:00 PM On the Radio

T-bump
A show for the homies in Davis and the homies around the world.
Genre: Eclectic

12:00 PM - 1:00 PM Democracy Now!

1:00 PM - 2:30 PM Mahou Shoujo

Dr. Kelp
A magical girl playing all types of Japanese tunes
Genre: Fantastical, Phantasmagorical

2:30 PM - 4:30 PM Party Rock 2007

Hyperswag
A friendly mix of auditory millennial trash to compliment your existential depression
Genre: Cloud Rap, Trap, Vapor, Death, Christmas Music, Sad

4:30 PM - 5:00 PM Food Sleuth Radio

From physicians to film makers, writers, farmers, scientists and chefs, Food Sleuth Radio navigates our complicated food system. You'll discover how farm and food policies impact our environment and public health, and learn the secrets to eating well.

5:00 PM - 6:00 PM Houses of the Healthy

An hour of holistic health talk, wellness awareness, and music.

6:00 PM - 7:00 PM KDV's Radio Theatre

Les Light
Original audio plays
Genre: Spoken Word

7:00 PM - 9:00 PM Aggie Talk

KDVS Sports
Sports news and discussion from UC Davis and around the world.

9:00 PM - 11:00 PM The Chicken Years

Mr. Mick Mucus
Fun with Sound

11:00 PM - 2:00 AM Unspeakable Cults

Malefactor
An ineffable journey into the macabre, fulfilling the curse of metal on the airwaves.
Genre: Metal, Hardcore, Spoken Word, SJWs, Anarchism, Hail Satan

Wednesday

2:00 AM - 4:00 AM Cosmic Tones

DJ Maldoror
A voyage into the realms of sonic esoterica from past and present
Genre: Eclectic, Eclectic With An Emphasis On The Avant-Garde And Experimental

4:00 AM - 6:00 AM Play by Play

Volpis Volpis & Citizen Kale
Covering albums of all kinds from start to finish, beginnings, endings, and everything in between.

6:00 AM - 8:00 AM Old Faces, New Places

Free Creation
Music from here and there
Genre: Eclectic

8:00 AM - 9:00 AM Big Picture Science

The Big Picture Science radio show and podcast engages the public with modern science research through lively and intelligent storytelling. Science radio doesn't have to be dull. The only dry thing about our program is the humor.

9:00 AM - 9:30 AM Planetary Radio

Each week, Planetary Radio visits with a scientist, engineer, project manager, astronaut, advocate or writer who provides a unique and exciting perspective on the exploration of our solar system and beyond. We also showcase regular features that raise your space IQ while they put a smile on your face. Host Mat Kaplan is joined by Planetary Society colleagues Bill Nye the Science Guy, Bruce Bet-

ts, and Emily Lakdawalla.	Calamity Janie & Presto Pancakes Music to Rock Your Socks Off - Yee Haw! Genre: Rock, Punk, Garage, Fuzz, Psych, Soul, Funk, Math Rock, Noise Rock Alternates with:	Important info on weather, politics, the environment and health 9:00 AM - 9:30 AM Smoke Free UCD This show will discuss resistance to all systems of oppression - liberating and decolonizing the mind.	Post-Punk, Garage Rock, Hardcore 10:00 PM - 12:00 AM Geneva Dance Convention Split P From disco to dubstep and beyond Genre: Dance	#myfresco Genre: Eclectic	made after 2 AM.
9:30 AM - 12:00 PM Burn Cartel Hooded Youth Only fire trax Genre: Electronic				2:30 PM - 3:30 PM Fever Dreams Goatman Cutting edge pop, rock, electronic & more with occasional retro-excursions Genre: Eclectic	3:00 AM - 4:00 AM Late-Night Recipe Superfood A collection of soothing, thought provoking, jarring and dreamy music to bid the night adieu Genre: Eclectic
12:00 PM - 1:00 PM Democracy Now!	He Hates Music He Loves Noise Robin Redbeast I hate music. There's too much music everywhere. It's horrible stuff, the most noise conveying the least information. Kids today are violent because they have no inner life; they have no inner life because they have no thoughts; they have no thoughts because they know no words; they know no words because they never speak; and they never speak because the MUSIC'S TOO DAMN LOUD. Genre: Skunch, Impressionistic Soundscapes, Retirement House, Bore-Core, Old Music, Not-Music	9:30 AM - 12:00 PM Good Good Mr. Glass Soul Music Genre: Soul	Friday 12:00 AM - 2:00 AM Isolelectric Point Seo & Mayo A variety of electronic music with an emphasis on trance, progressive, and chill-out electronic. Genre: Trance, Progressive House, Chill-Out, House	3:30 PM - 4:30 PM Shock Sasha Van Laur The full spectrum of electronic music with sparks from everything else! Genre: Electronic, Trance, Electronic Dance Music	4:00 AM - 6:00 AM Air Traffic The Escapist One day, today will be just another day in the past. Atmospheric music for mindfulness. Genre: Minimal, Ambient, Techno, Electronica
1:00 PM - 2:30 PM Apocalypz Now Mizz Runaway Death to all mankind yadda yadda heres some music Genre: Eclectic	2:30 PM - 4:30 PM Retro Freeform Radio Edd Fong An eclectic mix of rock, jazz, blues, and folk, mainly from the 1960's and 70's. Genre: Eclectic	12:00 PM - 1:00 PM Democracy Now!	2:00 AM - 4:00 AM Reverse Suplex Sickly Chris & Illest Kendra Genre: Eclectic	4:30 PM - 5:00 PM Informativo Pacifica	6:00 AM - 9:00 AM Buried Alive in Blues Big Dave What better way to start your weekend? Listen to blues from everywhere - new and old, national and international Genre: Blues, Jazz, Funk, Soul, R&B, Folk, Rock
4:30 PM - 5:00 PM Sea Change Radio Sea Change Radio is a nationally syndicated weekly radio show and podcast covering the shift to social, environmental, and economic sustainability.	Thursday 12:00 AM - 2:00 AM The Midnight Snack Show DJ Soufflé & DJ Crème Brûlée This one goes out to B! Genre: Eclectic	2:30 PM - 3:30 PM Prancin in the Rain Woodberry Sometimes it rains and sometimes you need a soundtrack for rain dancing. Genre: Eclectic	4:00 AM - 5:00 AM Breakfast Jams DJ Snooze A mix of tunes to brighten up your morning :) Genre: Eclectic	5:00 PM - 6:00 PM Speaking in Tongues Social commentary and interviews with people directly involved in struggles related to anti-imperialism, civil rights, the environment and the workplace, with an emphasis upon anti-authoritarian practice.	9:00 AM - 12:00 PM The Saturday Morning Folk Show Bill Wagman, Robyne Fawx & Mindy Folk of All Kinds Genre: Folk
5:00 PM - 6:00 PM Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour Talk about Poetry & Technology with frequent guests.	2:00 AM - 3:00 AM The Marine Layer DJ Desperado It's smooth sailing on our journey through all types of music! Genre: Eclectic	3:30 PM - 4:30 PM In Limbo DJ Stef 90's Alternative Rock Genre: Alternative Rock	5:00 AM - 6:00 AM Beats & Rhymes DJ Dunnster I'll be playing a lot of hip hop. Often the songs in my show will be connected by samples, influences, and other themes Genre: Hip Hop, Soul, Beat music	6:00 PM - 8:00 PM Sub Zero TJ Exploring classic and modern instrumental surf music and other styles. The music is so "cool" it's sub zero. Genre: Surf, Psychedelic, Rock	12:00 PM - 2:00 PM Prog Rock Palace Rock Shurewood, Curtis Carroll & Professor Prog Genre: Progressive Rock
6:00 PM - 7:00 PM Sonnet 18 The Devil Himself Sometime too lit the eye of heaven shines, fam. Genre: Eclectic		4:30 PM - 5:00 PM Davis Review of Books Literature reviews, news and interviews with local authors and more.	6:00 AM - 8:00 AM Sinatra & Company Kevin Conway Jazz, Sinatra, and other vocalists Genre: Jazz	8:00 PM - 10:00 PM 1000 Points of Fright Pirate of the High Frequenseas Metal, and things with Metal flavors Genre: Metal	2:00 PM - 4:00 PM Bending the Airwaves Hamzter A Random and chaotic mix of different sub-genres of rock and metal that increases in intensity. Genre: Eclectic
7:00 PM - 8:00 PM The Uncanny Valley DJ G10 Worm Come on this sonic trip with me! Genre: Post-Punk, Shoe gaze, Electronic, Bossa Nova	3:00 AM - 4:00 AM My Brother's Trapper Keeper DJ Alan Wrench It's a "Dawson's Creek" trapper keeper Genre: Eclectic	5:00 PM - 6:00 PM Radio Parallax Science, history, politics, current events, whatever we damn well please. Radio Parallax Official Website: http://radioparallax.com/	8:00 AM - 9:00 AM Watts Radio Hanji Watts current in the energy and transportation nexus	10:00 PM - 11:00 PM Shiny Circles DJ Paul Classical, Symphony, Big Band Genre: Classical, Jazz	4:00 PM - 7:00 PM Crossing Continents Gil Medovoy World/International Genre: World
8:00 PM - 10:00 PM Twinslice Kazmir & DJ Sailor Thrift "On a scale of Voldemort to Pinocchio, how nosy are you?" - Randy Genre: Garage, Psych, Indie, Dream Pop, Shoegaze	4:00 AM - 5:00 AM KMadz in the Morning Naka Beats & Rad Madz Cool tunes I guess Genre: Eclectic	6:00 PM - 7:00 PM The Void Tofer & Kuni Genre: Surf, Psych, Garage, Dream Pop	9:00 AM - 9:30 AM Fast Forward Sasha Van Laur The Future Is Now	11:00 PM - 12:00 AM It's the Witching Hour Somewhere CYZ-10 Metal for witches, wizards, and fantastic creatures. Genre: Metal, Hard Rock	7:00 PM - 9:00 PM Today's Aberration Tomorrow's Fashion Jeffrey & Johnny Carlos Multi-genre new releases Genre: Eclectic
Alternates with:	5:00 AM - 6:00 AM Francis Bacon in the Kitchen Hapapaya & box What sounds good	7:00 PM - 9:00 PM UC Davis Women's Basketball KDVS Sports Most weeks will have a contest between your UC Davis Aggies and a conference opponent! Programming varies when games do not fall in this slot.	9:30 AM - 12:00 PM The Kissing Booth DJ Tanner Eclectic Alternative for the Romantic Types! Genre: New Wave, Post-Punk, Skinhead Reggae	Saturday 12:00 AM - 2:00 AM Raise the Dead The Blasphemer Black, Death, Pagan, and Ambient Horror Genre: The Metal	9:00 PM - 11:00 PM Rolling Records Soul Captain Variety and Insights Genre: Eclectic
Airwave Pollution Mr. Frankly New Music	6:00 AM - 8:00 AM Sunshine Sounds Sir Fredrick Rose Sounds from the Edges Genre: Tropical, Island, Soul	9:00 PM - 10:00 PM Femmes to the Front Soledad Centering women, queer, and femme folk in music. Feminine Rage. Genre: Riot grrrl, Punk,	12:00 PM - 1:00 PM Democracy Now!	2:00 AM - 3:00 AM The Freudian Slap olivemonster The best decision you've	11:00 PM - 12:00 AM VirtualLite Studio Matt Our jimmies are eternal. Genre: Future Funk, G House, G Funk, Future House
10:00 PM - 12:00 AM Revenge of the Handlebar Mustache	8:00 AM - 9:00 AM Important Info Vol. V		1:00 PM - 2:30 PM Gente Morrenas Fresco Samurai & Vocal Native Two brown kids bringing you the coolest of jams.		

TOP 90.3



1. Shannon & The Clams - "Gone by the Dawn" (Hardly Art)
2. The Spiral Electric - "Upon Your Shore" (Self Released)
3. Rich Girlz - "He's a Lover" (Self Released)
4. Ty Segall - "Ty-Rex" (Goner Records)
5. Coo Coo Birds - "Mexican Cowboys" (Self-Released)
6. Battles - "La Di Da Di" (Warp)
7. Protomartyr - "The Agent Intellect" (Hardly Art)
8. The Fresh & Onlys - "Early Years Anthology" (Castle Face)
9. Shopping - "Why Choose" (Fat Cat)
10. The Intelligence - "Vintage Future" (In The Red)
11. Courtney Barnett - "Boxing Day Blues 7" Reissue" (Third Man Records)
12. Julia Holter - "Have You In My Wilderness" (Domino)
13. Wimps - "Suitcase" (Kill Rock Stars)
14. Spray Paint - "Dopers" (Monofonus Press)
15. Pronto - "Pronto" (Slovenly)
16. The Van Buren Wheels - "The Van Buren Wheels" (Slovenly)
17. Kahele, Kuana Torres - "Manookalanipo Kaua'i" (Kuana Torres Kahele)
18. The Garden - "haha" (Burger)
19. Morgan Heritage - "Strictly Roots" (Cool To Be Conscious)
20. Le Flange Du Mal - "Carrion, My Waywards Son..." (Resipiscent)

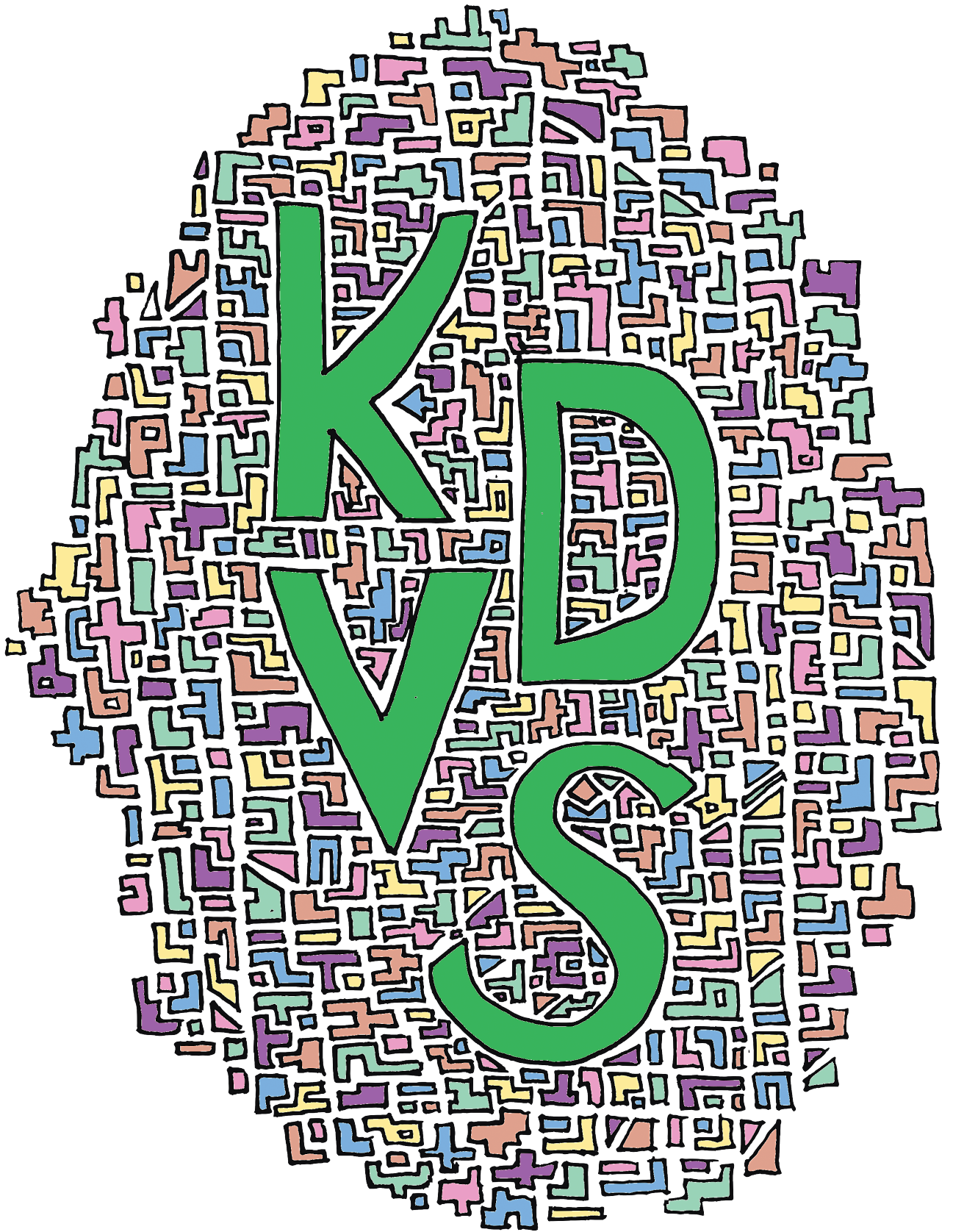


TOP 20 ALBUMS FROM THE PAST 3 MONTHS

UPCOMING EVENTS

- 1/14 Psychomagic, Honyock, Kaz Mirblouk**
@ Third Space (916 Olive Dr, Davis) | 8 PM, \$5, All Ages
- 1/16 2 Chainz**
@ Ace of Spades (1417 R St, Sacramento) | 6:30 PM, \$45, All Ages
- 1/17 T.S.O.L., Left Alone**
@ Blue Lamp (1400 Alhambra Blvd, Sacramento) | 8 PM, \$13, All Ages
- 1/18 KDVS Presents: Dante Elephante (Santa Barbara), Snakebytes (Davis), TBA**
@ Third Space (916 Olive Dr, Davis) | 7 PM, \$5, All Ages
- 1/24 Chicano Batman**
@ Harlow's (2708 J St, Sacramento) | 8 PM, \$13, 21+
- 1/28 Treasure Fingers**
@ Badlands (2003 K St, Sacramento) | 9 PM, \$8.50, 21+
- 1/30 Bone Thugs-n-Harmony, Optimiztiq**
@ Ace of Spaces (1417 R St, Sacramento) | 7 PM, \$28, All Ages
- 2/3 The Motet**
@ Harlow's (2708 J St, Sacramento) | 8 PM, \$20, 21+
- 2/12 Soft Kill, All Your Sisters, NMBRSTTN, Grave Lake**
@ Starlite Lounge (1517 21st St, Sacramento) | 8 PM, \$8, 21+
- 2/15 STRFKR, Com Truise**
@ Ace of Spaces (1417 R St, Sacramento) | 7 PM, \$17, All Ages
- 2/21 Indigo Girls**
@ Mondavi Center (1 Shields Ave, Davis) | 7 PM, \$15-\$50, All Ages
- 3/4 Elvin Bishop, Tommy Castro & The Painkillers**
@ Crest Theatre (1013 K St, Sacramento) | 7:30 PM, \$35, All Ages

For more information on upcoming events, visit our Event Calendar at
kdvs.org/events-calendar/ or local Davis/Sacramento music site
undietacos.org.



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